Kink Shaming by Basson069

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Summary:

Danny Fenton is in for a world of pain and pleasure when a ghostly villainess gets clever for a change and decides to handle him in a way no other villain has thought to.
Read as Penelope Spectra takes her time ruining the young hero in every way he could possibly want.
Will Danny be able to over come the evil seductress, or will he fall like putty in her hands?

Relationships: Danny Fenton & Maddie Fenton, Danny Fenton/Ember McLain, Danny Fenton/Paulina Sanchez, Danny Fenton/

Penelope Spectra, Desiree/Danny Fenton, Jazz Fenton & Maddie Fenton, Sam Manson/Paulina Sanchez
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1. Introductions

The new student counselor at Casper High School was turning heads, to say the least. When faculty and staff alike tried to think back to any of their earliest memories of her, they pleasantly shrugged it off and went about their days. The confident and caring Penelope Spectra had always been at Casper High, as far as they were concerned, and that was just the way she liked it. Hours of possessing bodies and manipulating human after human had finally paid off. With a private office and a chair for students, she could get started. The carefully laid plans in her mind and the thought of executing them made the "counseling" aspect of her job almost bearable. She found it easy to simply nod and force the occasional "And how does that make you feel?" before sending the angst-y teens out of her office. All necessary to maintain appearances.

When talk came of one poor boy who seemed to be struggling in his classes, always appearing so distracted and distant, like his mind was elsewhere (or he had a secret to hide), she just positively *had* to speak with this poor boy. Her heart simply *melted* at the thought that she wasn't helping this student right at that vey moment. Through much insistence and some easy crocodile tears, Penelope Spectra would have Danny Fenton in her office after school twice a week at the behest of the principle. All hers. *This is too easy.*

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Danny Fenton had accepted he had stopped growing "where it counts" as soon as he turned 18. He tried not to let it bother him too much, besides, he was careful about it. P.E. class was just a tad more complicated when it came time to change into athletic clothes around the other boys. He angled himself this way or that, waited until most of the other boys had filed out, or simply rushed to be the first inside and changed as fast as possible. As for girls? He had confidence and made easy conversation, but as soon as things became slightly sexual or a girl showed any interest in the attractive young man, he would close things off. Better alone than embarrassed. He knew that some women truly didn't care about crazy size, but at just over 4 inches hard, Danny found it best not to mess around and find

out.

Internet pornography had surely not helped. After years of being exposed to hardcore porn and different shades of kink and fetish, Danny Fenton was hopeless. It seemed the only thing that could get him hard anymore was videos of women laughing at the camera… laughing at him. Hours and hours of dominant women demeaning him through videos on his laptop had hardwired his brain. His nights seemed to become a strict routine now: homework first, like any model student, then videos on his laptop. This would continue as the new norm, until his life changed forever in his parent's lab.

His ghost powers had been with him, for better or worse, almost three months now. An evil lunch lady? Killer technology? A bounty hunter out for his head? Danny thinks back to when pre-calculus was his biggest problem and sighs. At least not all of them were bad though. That evil genie –*Desiree, was it?*- she had been a little more than easy on the eyes. He had initially hated the thought of sending her to the Ghost Zone. Many a nights had been spent deep in thought about the voluptuous villainess. *The swell of her breasts, the curve of her hips, that lovely, belittling laugh…*

"Care to add to that, Mr. Fenton?" Danny's literature teacher brought him back to reality. He found himself staring at a chalkboard with *Hamlet* and *Horatio* scrawled across the it. His eyes finally landed on the expectant face of the surly old man and then Danny realized how truly lost in thought he had become.

"Well, uu-," Danny started to stumble before the bell shrilly interrupted.

"Saved by the bell, it seems, Mr. Fenton." The teacher chuckled and beckoned an embarrassed Danny to his desk as the other students filled out. "Danny I don't mean to pick on you like that in class, but its concerning how distant you've become lately." The man offered a reassuring smile. Danny knew what he was going to ask next, and fervently worked to come up with and excuse. The question never came, however. Weeks from now, looking back on this moment, if any of the original Danny still remained, he sure would have taken that question instead.

“I’ve set up some appointments for you with that new school counselor. She’s charming, kind, and patient with those who have had sessions with her.” Danny tried to stutter out an objection. An appointment? With a *counselor? A therapist?* This was so unfair. “No no, none of that. This will help, trust me! Now go, if I’m not mistaken I set up that appointment for-“surely with time to mentally prepare this would go over easy? A therapy session next week wouldn’t be too bad actua- “10 minutes from now!” The teacher winked. “Best not be late.”

2. Session 1

Summary for the Chapter:

Danny meets the new school counselor.

Danny Fenton stood outside the door to the counselor's office right up until the last minute. The name 'Penelope Spectra' was inscribed on the door's plaque. *This is bullshit,* he thought to himself. *How am I gonna talk my way out of this? My ghost powers are the reason I'm here, what do they want me to say? I'm depressed? What if I get diagnosed with something weird and they put me on some kind of medication? What if the coun-* the door swung open on its own. *Shit!*

"Why you must be Mr. Fenton? May I call you Daniel?" Ms. Spectra relaxed against the frame of the door with a hand, like cat coming to rest after play. She seemed to eye Danny almost the same. Her outfit… couldn't have been school appropriate. Danny felt warmth shoot through him as all his focus went to maintaining eye contact.

"O-of course, Ms. S-spectra," Danny stuttered. She smiled at that, whether it was the title of respect he had given her or Danny's stutter he couldn't quite pin. Maybe both.

"Well don't be a stranger, we have so much to discuss!" Ms. Spectra chirped happily and turned to stride on long legs towards her desk. Danny followed behind and tried to collect his thoughts. His heartbeat pounded in his ears, he was sure he was blushing from ear to ear bright red. And Ms. Spectra? She sure as hell was not helping. Even with a white collared undershirt that covered every voluptuous detail she had to offer, the swell of her breast still caught Danny's attention. His eyes wondered further down to her skirt, which wasn't much to look at in the worst way for the young teen. The red skirt stopped just halfway down the counselor's thick thighs. Danny could make out accents of muscle as she walked. *Shit dude stop stop stop, just focus on something else!*

This turned out to be the wrong move: even outside the office Danny faintly smell some heady floral scent that assaulted his nose in the best way possible. He had dismissed it as her perfume and given it no

more thought. As he entered the cozy room, however, the musk seemed to be all around him. *She* seemed to be all around him. That brief thought certainly didn't help the warmth coursing through him, if anything increasing it. He felt lightheaded.

Danny all but rushed to seat himself and crossed his legs immediately. His tight jeans constricted his erection, but he did his best to hide it further. Ms. Spectra gracefully seated herself behind a large imposing desk, sat directly opposite of Danny, who found himself in a small chair out in the open. Danny felt small. Tiny. Almost… dominated?

Shut it Danny that's just the shit you find on porn sites. She's gonna ask about your day, you're gonna feed her a sob story, then we're gonna move on.

"Daniel do you find me appealing?" Ms. Spectra's velvet voice ripped Danny out of his thoughts, and the nature of the question almost sent him spiraling into a stuttering mess. Thankfully, she continued: "I know we've only just started our *session* but I should have you know that feedback from the students about my counseling methods is essential to how I help everyone, not just yourself."

"I-I think you're doing great Ms. S-Spectra," Danny barely got the words out. *What's wrong with me? I'm better than this! I've fought supernatural ghosts and won! Why am I sweating in front of the school counselor? I've gotta snap out of it, if she notices she'll think I'm a freak or something.*

If Penelope Spectra noticed, she didn't let. Quite the opposite actually: her devilish smile seemed to widen and her eyelids drooped, like she was getting pleasure out of all of this. Like she was getting pleasure out of watching Danny squirm…

Then her body language changed. Her voice went from velvet to chirpy like a birds and her mannerisms followed suit. Danny felt like a magnifying glass had just been moved off of him, and relaxed as best as he could manage. It was like a switch had been flipped. More than happy to be out of the "hot seat", so to speak, Danny gave it hardly any notice. Conversation switched from things about home life to school work to Danny's friends and hobbies. Ms. Spectra was a

delight to talk to, and Danny found he quickly lost track of time.

"Well Daniel you have just been a *treat* to sit and talk with," Ms. Spectra purred, her change in voice catching Danny off guard again. He found himself easily transfixed once again on her body as she stood to see him out.

Eye contact eye contact eye contact!! Danny thought frantically. So stuck on the notion of letting his eyes slip he didn't give a second thought to anything else as he moved to leave. Uncrossing his legs and stood, maintaining eye contact as best he could. As Ms. Spectra strode out from behind her desk, Danny noticed her eyes flick down. Not even momentarily, not even inconspicuously. Her eyelids dropped to half-mast and her ruby-red lips pulled back into an almost satisfied smile, revealing perfect pearly whites. Danny likened the expression she had to that of someone having had an idea what something was like the entire time, and just in the moment having the pleasure of having that guess confirmed.

Feeling the microscope move back onto him, Danny stuttered out a goodbye and left the counselor's office in a hurry. He checked over his shoulder as he heard the door swinging shut, the sight of Ms. Spectra almost on the verge of what looked like laughter now plastered in his mind. Danny looked down. *Was it a stain? Was my fly down? What the he-*

Tented against his jeans was Danny's constrained erection. As he seemed to come back down to earth and gain his senses again, he felt himself almost moan as his tiny cock strained his boxers and the denim material containing it. The way she had looked at him, the way she had smiled, like she knew how fucking small he was. A wave of humiliation and embarrassment washed over Danny, sending a chill down his spine. A chill of *pleasure.*

Stop you perv! It's all in your head! You've been looking at too much porn and now you're starting to see things… imagine things. You have the hots for Ms. Spectra and that's it. She's a sweet innocent woman. Chill dude.

Danny shook his head and collected his thoughts. He needed to a good night's rest and some fresh air. Maybe he'd even jerk off once or

twice to clear his thoughts. That always helped, right? Surely if he jerked off to the thought of his new counselor just once he'd be fine.

"Don't forget Daniel, we have another appointment this Thursday! Same time!" Ms. Spectra's gorgeous voice echoed down the halls after him, filling his ears and sending another surge of warmth to his tiny cock. *Fuck*.

3. Down The Rabbit Hole

Summary for the Chapter:

> Danny goes ghost against a mysterious foe.
> Can he keep his libido in check long enough to stop a ghostly intruder?
> Or will his perverted mind cost him dearly?

He'd be lying if he said he tried to resist breaking his laptop out immediately when he got to his room that night. His mind was a horny mess after that first session. As soon as his door clicked shut and was locked, he had his pants off and his favorite porn site opened. With headphones in, he set out to find a woman with red hair and an ample bust to match. It was an added bonus if her mocking and teasing was accented with laughter like Ms. Spectra's. Danny Fenton lost himself to orgasmic pleasure, eventually forgetting his laptop altogether and closing his eyes. In his mind, he saw that red miniskirt, those heels that could walk all over him, and a set of plump red lips that drove his imagination wild. Other teenage boys imagined wet blowjobs, tight pussy, or even the face of a woman lost in the pleasure of a large cock. But not Danny. No Danny worked two fingers up and down his little prick as fast as he could to the thought of his counselor's laugh. In his mind, Ms. Spectra wasn't even undressed. Just laughing, mocking him, looking down at him through half-lidded eyes.

It was two orgasms into this night of pleasure before Danny was interrupted: a blue mist from his mouth, a sudden chill in his room snapped him back to reality, and the flash of what was presumably a camera. Danny then heard a shutter click and grabbed the blankets around him to cover himself and looked around his dim room in a panic. In the corner of his room he could barely make out a shadowy figure, accented with a set of glowing red eyes, work its way out of his window and into the night. *Shit really? Now? Did that thing see me? What the hell is a ghost doing spying on me? Was that camera flash?*

"Going ghost!" Danny said in a hushed tone, as not to wake the rest of the neighborhood. Phasing through the walls of his room, Danny

Phantom made his way out into the night after the shadowy figure. Luckily, he had acted quick enough, and was quickly gaining on the spectral shadow. As he approached he began to make out details about the voyeuristic ghost: she, based on the curve of her hips and obvious bust, snaked through the sky like black lightning. In place of legs was a ghostly tail just like Danny's. She glowed a faint green in the night. Had the feminine ghost been watching him masturbate? But why? And why did that brief thought turn Danny on a little…?

"Hey! Who are you!" Danny shouted after her. He doubted she'd answer, but at this point he was desperate. He needed answers, and those photos? He couldn't let anyone see them! He couldn't let anyone know! That'd be the end of him! The embarrassment! The humiliation-

Danny stopped dead in his tracks, shooting down to the nearest rooftop to conceal himself. He could feel another erection pushing through his pants.

What am I doing what am I doing?! I have to stop her! I can't let her get away with those embarrassing photos!

Danny scolded himself, tried to make himself see reason, but by this point his throbbing little prick and clouded mind had stopped listening. Fantasies of blackmail and laughter and humiliation flooded his mind. *D-did I just let this happen? What is wrong with me?*

The young hero looked up in the hopes of spotting the ghostly shadow again and potentially running her down. His mistake was made, however, and she was gone. Gone in the night with photographs of Danny rubbing his tiny cock in orgasmic bliss. And worst of all? Danny Phantom had let it happen. In his shame, Danny turned invisible and flew back to his room as fast as he could. He slipped into bed and tried his hardest to ignore his erection. Maybe this was all a bad dream? Maybe he would wake up and this would all go away? Besides, what business did a ghost have using cameras? What use was this photo to the ghost besides a sick sense of humor?

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Penelope Spectra changed from her ghost form back into her

human form as she landed gracefully back in the bed of her quaint apartment. She set the camera down on the nightstand and laughed with glee. '*This is the infamous Ghost Boy? Who had been giving everyone else so much trouble these past few months?'* she thought to herself. She knew she was fast enough to get away from the inexperienced boy, and with a head start like that there was no way in hell he was catching her. Him full-on stopping though? That cute little erection he had gotten and that delicious *humiliation* that had washed through the air? She practically de-aged 10 years on the spot. This kid was a fountain of youth practically. She'd be feeding off of him for a while. She chuckled to herself as she picked the camera back up and began editing the photo she had taken. *Time to really rock Ghost Boy's world.*

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Danny tried his best to avoid social media. It had never really been his "thing". However, being friends with a tech wiz like Tucker meant having at least some ties with the online world. Plus, he had to admit, it was good way to keep up with friends and loved ones. So maybe it couldn't be all that bad. One social media platform he was a skeptical of was notorious around Casper High School, *RateMe!* . The concept of *RateMe!* was a painfully obvious rip-off of Instagram. Post a picture and get an explicit rating. Simple. One of its major appeals however was its system where users could post anonymously and to a specific hashtag for a school. At Casper High, #CHSRate was the way to go. Wanting to show off a prom dress leading up to the big dance? #CHSRate. Have pictures of your friends streaking at the football game but don't want people to know who posted the photos? #CHSRate. Shirtless and want some opinions that may not be safe for work? #CHSRate

Today was no different as Danny entered the school and walked down the bustling halls. Kids were chattering and laughing at their phones, same as always. He bumped shoulders with Sam and Tucker, catching up with them and swapping small talk in his short time before class. He avoided the likes of Dash Baxter, going as far to take a longer route around the school to get to class. He made his way to social studies and settled in his usual seat in the back. Today's lesson was a continuation of yesterday's lesson: The Industrial

Revolution or something like that. Danny lost focus about partway through, but who could blame him. The teacher droning on was old enough to have maybe lived through what he was talking about and senile enough to back that claim up.

Switching his brightness down, Danny flicked through his apps, checking tweets, Instagram posts, and assorted news sites for anything interesting to catch his eye. Finally, when all else failed, he arrived at *RateMe!* . Clicking onto the Casper High hashtag, Danny began scrolling. He didn't make it far though. In fact, he didn't make it past the top, most rated post: a young man, edited in such a way that only his abdomen down to legs could be seen, rubbing a tiny cock between two fingers. The caption read: *Casper High student junior here, rate my micropenis!* Danny's face went chalk white, and without even meaning to, almost phased out his chair and through the floor out of pure embarrassment. His heart rate felt like it would punch through his chest. He tapped over to the ratings and comments. Anonymous users laughing and mocking to their hearts content. It had over 1000 ratings.

What?? A 1000 kids don't even go here? This is being shared?? Danny excused himself in a hurry and practically flew to the bathrooms. He locked himself in stall and squeezed his eyes shut.

Ok don't freak out don't freak out. Nobody recognizes you Danny. Whoever posted it clipped out your face… whoever… posted…The ghost!

Danny clicked back onto the photo and checked the name of the poster. It was a long shot, as most every poster to the app chose *Anonymous* as a default. No such luck with this post either, as the person, or ghost, that posted it chose to be anonymous. Danny sighed and felt his shoulders drop in defeat. He got lucky this time. He studied the photo more and found that there were no discernable features to give him away. His bed sheets changed weekly and were a boring solid green color. Any number of students could have those sheets. Danny's mind, however, started to creep towards darker, more perverse, thoughts.

What if she visits me again? If she blackmails me I'm done for. I'd be practically useless against her. And she knows where I live? How could I have been so careless? Why the hell did I let her get away and humiliate

me like that…

At the thought of humiliation, Danny was reminded why he had let her go. His mind hazed over and his hand reached down between his legs almost on instinct. His little cock was so hard it practically hurt. Danny rubbed one out as quickly as possible to the thought of another visit from his ghostly tormentor. In his mind he saw Ms. Spectra laughing and behind her, a ghostly shadow taking pictures of him masturbate. His orgasm was the most powerful he had felt in a while, and it left him wanting more, never satisfied. *I am so screwed.*

4. Session 2

Summary for the Chapter:

> Session 2 and Penelope Spectra wants to talk social media with the young Ghost Boy.
> Teenagers just love social media, right?

Every laugh Danny Fenton heard set turned him on. His face had a constant blush on it. The hallways were suffocating, every one of his peers laughing or smiling at their phones shot warmth through his body. He was suddenly very thankful he got his P.E. credits early, because he heard rumors that a game had come out of the infamous social media post. Instead of laughing and moving on like the majority of people had, some had made it their mission to identify the anonymous tiny cocked poster. Thursday was a blur as all of Danny's willpower went to maintaining appearances. Were his hands clammy? Hide them. Was he blushing profusely? Keep your head down. Feeling dizzy? Just slow down and don't freak out. Worst of all though were the erections. In Danny's mind he is ablaze with shame, embarrassment, and anger. He had made up his mind: Danny would tear apart Amity Park every night until he finds the ghost that took that photo. If he doesn't find her in Amity Park, the he'll search the Ghost Zone next. Humiliation seemed to be winning over the young would-be hero, as he had resorted to permanently wearing tight jeans to keep his cock down as tight and hidden as possible.

Danny reached the end of the school day before he remembered his next appointment with Ms. Spectra. Maybe she could help him sort his thoughts out? It's not like he'd be giving her any details of course. But his general feelings with some vague reasons as to *why* he's feeling them? He could try that. After all, she was so nice and so easy to talk to that first session. He trusted her. Danny just feels a twinge of guilt though when he thinks of how he'd sexualized her. '*She probably has a husband you idiot. Be respectful,'* Danny thinks as he reaches the door to her office. He hears the faint sound of music and the scent of something different as he knocks on her door. Incense? He can't quite pin it.

The office door opened promptly and Danny considers

running at the sight before him: Ms. Spectra appeared wearing a teal sports bra and black yoga paints, both of which look as if they're barely containing her more flattering features. As for the counselor herself, she's covered in a thin sheen of sweat and visibly flushed from activity. Her gorgeous red lips split into a predatory smile as she wrapped an arm around Danny's shoulder to guide him inside. Stiffening slightly, Danny allowed himself to moved. Ms. Spectra stood at a towering 6'1" compared to the young boy's 5'5" frame. With her arm around him, Ms. Spectra practically had his head tucked into her armpit. The smell was intoxicating and heady. It seemed to penetrate Danny's senses and take hold. He had to focus on not deliberately inhaling more. He failed, but if Ms. Spectra noticed, she didn't let on.

"I'm so glad you came back for your next session Daniel! Some students can be a tad put off by my *enthusiasm*, believe it or not." As Danny sat in his lonely chair once again, he noticed a yoga mat tossed to the side. On a bookshelf in the corner were several candles lit, all assaulting Danny with a sickeningly sweet aroma. To make matters worse, Ms. Spectra must have been one of those health fanatics who went for "hot yoga" as it seemed the temperature in the room was turned up to max heat. Despite this he still found himself with a slight chill. Ms. Spectra pulled his attention back to her sweaty form before he could notice the blue wisp leave his mouth.

Danny's voluptuous counselor seated herself this time not in her chair behind her desk, but rather on the desk itself, propping herself up on extended arms. "I thought we would try something new today Daniel," Ms. Spectra seemed to purr. "In our last session you seemed a bit distracted and a tad distant." The counselor gave an exaggerated sigh, pushing her chest out even more, if that was possible. "Today, before we start, I want to make sure I have your focus Daniel."

Danny could feel the sweat roll down his back. *Focus. Focus.* Danny tried not to focus on the width of Ms. Spectra's hips, or the way her ample ass pushed and pressed against the table. Danny also tried not o focus on the swell of his counselor's breast, and the small sweat stain that had formed before her cleavage. Most of all Danny tried to slow breathing, as he found himself almost suffocating in her

musk. Almost as if she was reading his mind, Ms. Spectra stretched her arms over her head, giving a satisfied moan as she revealed the source of Danny's sensory torment. *Fuck.* Danny crossed his legs on instinct to hide his erection.

"Are you alright Daniel? Does something smell *funny?"* Ms. Spectra raised an eyebrow and put on an innocent voice, prodding the young hero with her arms still folded behind her head.

"I… umm- I wa-," Danny stuttered as he struggled to maintain eye contact. Usually people noticed his awkwardness and came to his rescue, continuing to speak themselves to save him the embarrassment. Ms. Spectra, however, in all her kindness dropped her arms and stared back into the boy's eyes expectantly. "Y-your candles, Ms. Spectra. Your candles smell strong. B-but not in a bad way! They s-smell nice!"

"Oh those candles?" Ms. Spectra indicated with the nod of her head, causing Danny to turn his attention that way. They sat unlit on her shelf, seemingly untouched and brand new. *Bullshit those were lit when I came in! What the hell is happening!*

"I must admit I'm embarrassed Daniel, after all there is only. *Little. Old. Me.* to smell.*"* Danny swallowed hard and turned his gaze back to his counselor, who sat behind her desk now in usual formal business attire. Danny had the sneaking suspicion if he were to look the yoga mat would be gone too. "Though I'm glad to hear you think I *smell nice* Daniel."

"Y-yes of course Ms. Spectra! I'm s-sorry I meant your perfume," Danny choked out nervously. Ms. Spectra nodded and seemed to smirk knowingly at Danny. He didn't have much time to dwell on that look she gave him as she pressed on with the conversation.

"Do you use social media, Daniel?" Ms. Spectra inquired innocently. If Danny's face wasn't bright red before it surely was now. "I only ask in light of recent… events shall we say."

"O-oh you don't think I p-posted that p-photo do you?" Danny's mind was racing. *Had the school found him out? Did they not know he hadn't taken the photo? Did they find who did?*

“Daniel I was speaking more generally about social media. My dear,” Ms. Spectra’s voice seemed to drop with the pet names. “I was simply going to ask about your time spent on different social media platforms and how it effected your study habits.”

Yes yes let’s talk about that. Agree with her Danny so we can move on!

“But I suppose this session is about you, so *why not!”* Danny’s heart dropped as his cock seemed to strain now even harder against his jeans. “Do you know the student that posted the photo Daniel? Of course everything we say here is confidential, so feel free to speak freely.” Of course Danny was going to say no! Deny it and move on! That was the only logical course of action to take. Before he could open his mouth to deny anything, Ms. Spectra spoke further.

“I can’t imagine doing something so *humiliating*, can *you* Daniel? I mean, whoever would take such a photo and make it public like that, why that’s just *embarrassing*.” Danny’s mouth dropped slightly in small gasp before he could stop himself. “To be seen like *that*? In front of all his peers?” Ms. Spectra’s voice dropped to a dramatically hushed tone that still managed to come off as seductive. And then: “Do you know who did it?”

Suddenly Danny was right back in his room under that camera flash, begin exposed and having his secrets used against him. *Fuck no no shut your mouth I know what you’re about to-*

“Y-yes…” *You fucking idiot.*

Ms. Spectra looks un-phased, like she just heard exactly what she was expecting to hear. She continues saying, “Is he *embarrassed?”*

A small nod.

“Has he been *utterly humiliated*?”

Another nod and this time Danny can feel precum leaking from his tiny cock.

“Daniel, why did he do it?”

Alright this has gone on long enough! You don't have to answer any of her questions! This is ridiculous dude. Just deny it and act like an idiot. Or less of an idiot. Fuck no more pornography, this is seriously scre-

"I bet he gets off to it," Ms. Spectra said as casually as one mentions the weather. She stood and walked to seat herself back on the front of the desk, letting her long, muscular legs stretch out towards Danny. Back on the front of the desk? She had been there before right? But her outfit change? *Fuck I need to go. Now.*

"You may not know this Daniel, because you're a good boy, and I know good boys like you aren't into this sort of thing," as Ms. Spectra spoke the musk came back, but this time stronger. He felt his vision glaze over, and his head started to go fuzzy. Unconsciously, Danny uncrossed his legs. "But some *naughty boys* like being teased and mistreated. Some like being laughed at and made to feel inadequate. Honestly your friend probably can't help it, the poor thing." She deliberately drinks in the sight of Danny's throbbing little erection as she finished her sentence. "Are you into that sort of thing, Daniel?"

No response from the horny teenager. Penelope Spectra practically giggled as she pressed a high-heeled foot against his crotch, applying a minimum amount of pressure. Danny moaned in twisted pleasure.

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Honestly she may have gone a bit overboard with the pheromones. It worked fairly straightforward on other ghosts in terms of seduction, but on humans? Side effects ranged from vertigo to hallucinations to the occasional hands-free orgasm. So maybe not all that bad, and being half human and half ghost meant young Daniel just got the best of both worlds. Oh he looked so precious with his eyes glazed over and his mouth hung open like that. That cute little tent in his jeans was definitely a bonus.

Penelope Spectra sighed and took her heel away from the Ghost Boy's tiny crotch. She had a chastity cage and buttplug in one drawer of her desk and a camera in the other. She could do this right now. Rock this little boy's world and make him her personal bitch. If she hadn't have already contacted the Desiree and Ember, she

might've gone ahead and done it. Lord knows the ghost boy wouldn't have done anything to stop her. It seemed something as simple as sticking his face into her armpit would be enough to bring him under her control. '*Oh this is just too easy,'* she thought to herself. She had promised the other girls a time though. Of course Desiree was itching for revenge over the Ghost Boy who had sent her back the Ghost Zone. And Ember McLain? Well that little wildfire of a rockstar loved having humans at her beck and call. So Spectra could wait. She could drag this out a little. Spectra wondered if the young boy could find his way to "defeat" the villain and save himself from certain doom, like in all those movies he and his peers seemed to be obsessed with. She almost wished he would. That would make things interesting at least.

Turning on the A/C and popping open the office door to an empty hallway, Spectra allowed for some airflow to lessen the effects of her pheromones. Daniel gradually came to, and in a haze, stumbled out into the school and invisibly phased through the ceiling, flying home, Spectra assumed. Laughing to herself, Penelope Spectra locked the door to her office and grabbed the buttplug from her desk drawer. Just because she was waiting on the other girls to entertain themselves didn't mean Spectra couldn't give herself some pleasure in the meantime.

5. Interrupted

Summary for the Chapter:

> Penelope Spectra takes a small moment in her office
> to take the edge off after a long day of teasing.
> A small interruption gives her an idea for the future.

Penelope Spectra placed the lubed butt-plug firmly against her puckered anus and moaned. She had an hour to kill at the office (staying a normal amount of human work hours to maintain appearances was necessary, if a little annoying) and decided to give herself a proper fucking as reward for all her hard work today. She almost laughed at that notion. Humiliating the local hero seemed to be the easiest thing she'd done in the last decade.

Bending over her own desk, Spectra's human clothes phased away, leaving her naked and sweating like a bitch in heat. Spectra *craved* control and subjugation of others. She had kept herself young for so long by dominating and humiliating men around her. She fed off of them until they were nothing more than husks on the ground. Those had been humans though. What about a hybrid? Half human, half ghost? The possibilities were endless. Spectra excitedly shoved the massive plug into her ass and clenched around it, hard. She bit her lip and cried out. The woman had countless centuries behind her in terms of age, but prided herself in not looking it. Vibrant red hair, plump red lips, an hour glass frame, and muscle tone that put some of these so-called "student athletes" to shame.

Letting go every once in a while though? Letting her slutty self give in to some much deserved pleasure? Spectra could absolutely do that. She thought forward in her mind, fantasized of the weeks to come. How far could the Ghost Boy fall? Of his own violation? She had just proved that her pheromones were enough to make the boy a drooling bitch. But what if he gave up all on his own? Cracked, naturally? Broke beneath Spectra by his own decision?

She pinched a hard nipple between her fingers and clenched down on the butt-plug again, throwing her head back into another moan. Beads of sweat rolled down her creamy white skin as she

pushed the tip of the plug in just a tad further with her fingers. Spectra's pussy remained untouched, no matter how much her clit begged for attention. She was going to drag this pleasure out, enjoy every second of it. She could smell her pheromones back in action, permeating about the office. Luckily they didn't have any affect on her, besides a strong heady smell. While one hand teased a nipple, another hand slowly moved down her body towards her slick cunt. *Ok, let's bring it ho-*

"Hello? Like, is everything ok in here?" A distinctly Latina and decidedly air-headed voice came from the other side of the office door. A knock followed. "I heard someone screaming?"

Guilty. Oh this is actually perfect though. The only other slut on campus who can keep up with me besides… well, me. Spectra, leaving the plug in her ass, strode to the door. Swinging it open, Spectra snatched Paulina up and slammed the door behind her. Spectra smiled and looked into her eyes as she held her in her arms. The young Latina was definitely affected by the pheromones, but it looked like she could use one last push.

"Oh fuck!" Spectra moaned as she pulled the plug out in one smooth movement and placed it into a stunned Paulina's hand. "Hold this for me honey? You're gonna be drinking straight from the tap!" Spectra pushed down on top of Paulina's head until her knees gave and she knelt before the dominant redhead. Turning around and bending over, Spectra spread her ass apart with both hands and winked her asshole in the student's face. Then, Paulina Sanchez did what any normal, pheromone riddled teen girl would do: she puckered her own lips and sucked on the older woman's asshole. Her tongue flicked out to taste and her nose? Well her nose starting inhaling as deeply as possible and didn't stop. Spectra didn't even need to goad the girl or press her in further.

"*Fuck fuck good girl!"* Spectra cried out. "*Such a good little slut!"* While the Latina girl didn't need any encouragement, it was obvious the praise was still doing wonders for her. Every word out of Spectra's mouth seemed to spur Paulina on. While she worked away at the older woman's puckered asshole, Paulina frantically began working her way out of her yoga pants and panties. Exposing her toned rear, the Latina cheerleader worked frantically to line the plug

up with her own ass, desperate to feel full and used. Desperate to get relief for herself, even if it meant taking something up her ass that was far larger than she was used to.

The ghostly woman came with a cry and slumped against her desk before collapsing on the floor in a sweaty mess. Paulina followed, fervently kissing at her like her life depended on it. Spectra laughed and held the girl in her arms, “Easy their slut, let’s breathe for a second.”

Paulina nodded frantically at the order, but seemed to unconsciously move her hand to cup her own pussy. It was obvious the poor girl was desperate for relief. Holding the desperate girl in her arms, an idea began forming in Spectra’s mind. The bratty, dominant, head cheerleader? Doing whatever Spectra asked of her? Didn’t Daniel have a crush on the girl? *Time to get creative.*

In the meantime, Penelope Spectra had another 30 minutes to kill. The cheerleader in her arms didn’t seem anywhere close to being done, as she had yet to experience an orgasm of her own. She deserved a reward for everything she was going to be doing in the next few weeks.

“Slut, where’s my butt-plug…?”

6. You Win Some You Lose Some

Summary for the Chapter:

> Danny needs to clear his head, so he goes out on the town looking to do what he does best. At the same time, some ghosts decide to attack a public park. It's a win-win for everybody.

Danny didn't exactly remember coming home from Ms. Spectra's office that day. He didn't remember any kind of walk from school, greeting his sister or his parents. He certainly didn't remember how he ended up naked on his bed, working his index finger and thumb up and down his cock. He wasn't sure how many times he had cum since he'd been home, but he was on the cusp of another. He couldn't *quite* get to it just yet. Something was missing. He reached for his laptop and flipped through his tabs. Humiliation. Domination. Blind folds. A strap-on or two. Mistresses in leather and latex. Danny's senses were ablaze. He clicked on the tab with the word 'pegging' in the video title. A petite Asian girl, clad in nothing but a foot-long black strap-on, had a large man before her, tied down and naked. Exposed. Begging for her cock. Danny continued to jerk off, now reinvigorated by the sight before him. She giggled audibly and seemed to delight in the way the man moaned and cried out in pleasure, losing himself to her massive cock. Danny couldn't exactly see through the man's blindfold, but he was sure the man's eyes were clinched shut in pleasure. His head began to fog and he felt the familiar signs of a haze coming on…

Desperate for his orgasm, Danny sucked one of his fingers into his mouth, affectively lubing it. He moved it between his legs. He teased his tight entrance and groaned. Images of Ms. Spectra standing over him in just heels and a thick strap-on filled his head. She leveled the bulbous mushroom head with his puckered anus and he had to force himself to relax. *I am so fucked…*

Yes you are Daniel…

Danny's little cock shot its load. His ass spasms and clenches around his finger, sucking it further in. He moaned as he fell back

against his bed in pleasure and exhaustion. Danny shut the laptop and turned his head toward his bedroom window and watched the sun slowly approach the horizon. What happened back in that office? Did Danny embarrass himself again? His cock twitched at that idea and Danny groaned, mentally moving on. He remembered… yoga mats? Candles? Definitely a distinct smell… distinct enough in his memory to cause him to go fully hard (if 4 inches could be considered "fully" anything). Ms. Spectra spoke with him about… social media? Yeah. Social media and how it could be a distraction for students and their homework. Danny sighed. Now he had to come to terms with one other issue: that picture of him masturbating.

The feminine shadow taking his picture still confused him to no end. She had found where he lived, targeted him so now he was sure she knew about his alter-ego. The ghost had also gone as far to post it on social media. Furthermore, it was on a hashtag specific to Casper High School. Was there a ghost at Casper High? Maybe that would explain some of the weird things happening recently. Come to think of it… weird things mainly seemed to be happening since Ms. Spectra had started counseling him. Was it her? Or were his hormones and new ghost powers throwing him off?

I can't jump to conclusions, especially if my powers and my own sex-drive are to blame. I'll definitely try and keep an eye out though…

Speaking of ghost powers, Danny had some time to kill before settling down into homework for the night. Transforming into his ghostly alter-ego, Danny Phantom phased through his wall and out above the city. As much as the humiliation and embarrassment kink seemed to dominate his every waking thought, Danny had to admit that the rush of power and ego he felt flying and patrolling the city, *his city*, was unlike any other. The Ghost Boy was in his element. No more stuttering Danny 'Fenton' worrying about keeping things hidden while he walked amongst regular people, just a Phantom in his element. Nothing to hide.

A blue wisp from Danny's mouth and a chill tell him this won't be a boring evening. He zeroes in on Amity's public park, the sight of the commotion. A young woman screams for help amongst a crowd of frightened civilians. Two floating, ghoulishly green octopi ghosts float menacingly through the air. Standard fair. Actually, after

dealing with a tech ghost and one obsessed with boxed, something out of a 1980's sci-fi movie might be a welcome change of pace. He can't imagine them taking more than a plasma burst or two. Only one way to find out really.

"Hey! Flying calamari! Up here!" The two ghostly octopi turned just in time to get hit with blasts from Danny's hands, sending them tumbling through the air. *In retrospect, calamari are actually squid so that joke doe-* the crowd cheered and pointed in astonishment at the Ghost Boy floating above them. *On second thought, some cheesy jokes might be the best part about these people's night if I can just focus! Just don't show boat and we'll be out of here with a new fan base to boot.*

"I love you Ghost Boy!" A recognizable Latina voice cuts through the roar of the crowd. *Ok maybe I'll show off a little.* So he does, tying up the ghouls' tentacles and knocking them around for a good few minutes. He put on one hell of a show, making sure he kept an eye on Paulina the whole time. She was watching. She liked what saw. *Of all the shit I've gone through this week, at least tonight seems to be going just right.*

Grabbing each of the by a tentacle, Danny swung the battered ghosts around and around before releasing them off into the night sky. When they were a good distance away, he whipped out the Fenton Thermos and finished the job. *Well that was easy. Now…*

Danny turned his attention back to the cheering crowd, more specifically Paulina. He wasn't entirely sure what 'fuck me' eyes looked like, but he was sure the cheerleader was giving him something close to that. *A quick chat couldn't hurt. Some good press to solidify myself in the city as a hero. Just don't say anything weird.*

Touching down on the grass of the open-aired park, Danny smiled and waved to the crowd. "Um.. hi everyone!" He smiled nervously. Any tension quickly melted away however. Some of the older gentlemen gave hardy handshakes and gruff 'thank you' s. Little boys and girls alike cried out in joy and grabbed onto Danny, some begging for his autograph or for a trip around the city flying. He laughed a lot of those off. After some fist bumps and casual hello's, Danny was quickly reminded why he had come down in the first place as he felt a perky chest and two warm arms pull him into a

side-hug. Before he could blush or stutter something stupid out, Paulina planted a kiss on his cheek. She pressed a piece of paper into his hands and whispered huskily into his ear, “message me Ghost Boy.” With a curt nod and a smile he was sure wasn’t awkward, Danny began floating up and away from the crowd.

“Goodnight citizens!” Danny tried to lower his voice as many octaves as possible. “Should evil ever come knocking again…” *Danny what?* “You know who to call!” *Was that Ghostbuster’s reference? Really?*

Once again though, the crowd cheered, happy with being saved and getting some entertainment in the process. Danny flew off with smile on his face. With a few blocks between him and the park, Danny settled down on nearby secluded rooftop. He opened up the slip of paper given to him as he watched the sun set over Amity Park. A Snapchat username. Well he’d have to make a separate account now. Danny *Fenton* certainly couldn’t message her, but Danny *Phantom?* That kiss on his cheek still lingered. It couldn’t hurt to message her once or twice. Something to boost the ego. Nothing involving… well… his embarrassing little secret.

Speaking of secret, he needed to devote some time to finding the Shadow that had taken his picture. But where would he even start? The city was massive, and that in and of itself would be a fairly manageable issue if this were a normal person he was looking for. A ghost? One that he doubted wanted to be found? Danny sighed. He’d have to sleep on this. The weekend was coming. He’d have plenty of time then.

While he flew back home that night, Danny had his phone out. He created another account for his alter-ego and shot Paulina a quick message. A short hello to let her know that he had her username saved. Danny landed safely back in his room and got ready bed. Danny didn’t really mind if a ghost was watching him, he’d just have to embarrassing acts to a minimum and the Fenton Thermos on hand. If she came back, he’d be ready. Danny checked his phone one last time before nodding off. Some messages from Paulina. Primarily of the selfie assortment. The first one showed off her ass in a tight pair of jeans wonderfully. The next was a close up of her plump lips and the gorgeous makeup that highlighted her perfect features. Her

eyes stared into the camera and seemed to hypnotize Danny. Finally, a full nude in her bathroom mirror. Her slim body had curves in all the right places. Her ass pressed firmly against the counter to accent its size and roundness. Between her cheeks, where her asshole should be, was a plug. The butt-plug sat snuggly inside of Paulina. Had she been wearing that during the attack? When she kissed Danny?

Danny's eyes went wide. This could change things. She was turning him on and she wasn't even humiliating him. She wasn't belittling him. This could change the rut he had been in for the past week or so. This new development, with the embarrassing photo fading from people's interest, could spell a change for the better for Danny. He just had to play things safe, slow down. Focus on schoolwork and fighting ghosts in his free time. Sessions with Ms. Spectra on Tuesdays and Thursdays? Sure those were weird, but they weren't anything he couldn't manage. They only lasted an hour after all. Plus, he had to find the connection between the school and the ghostly shadow that took that photo. A dull ache pulled Danny from his thoughts. The more he thought about the potential blackmail, the power this ghostly woman could hold over him, the harder he got. '*Dude you're so screwed up.'* Danny sighed to himself before reaching for his laptop. He'd get in one more orgasm and then call it a night. Danny couldn't find it though. He swore he had left on his bed all those hours ago. Before fighting those ghosts in the park. Where was his laptop?

He spotted it on his clothes dresser. Leapt from his bed. Attached to the laptop was a note in elegant cursive that read:

I'm glad to see you're as interested as I am in filling that ass with something long and hard. Thanks for the new pictures Ghost Boy. You should really be more cautious. Or not. More dirt for me. Check RateMe! tomorrow. We'll be in touch xoxo

7. Danny Makes A Wish

Summary for the Chapter:

Danny's favorite genie shows up again in Amity Park, this time with some help from a mutual friend. She couldn't beat him in the past, but can things change in the genie's favor when she has an ace up her sleeve? Will Danny be able to stop himself from enjoying it?

Danny didn't get a wink of sleep all weekend. The thought of the ghostly shadow watching him, laughing at him, waiting to belittle him, kept him up at night. During the day his usual weekend activities would proceed with no issue: time spent with Sam and Tucker, patrolling the city looking for trouble or anybody that needed help, or even simple homework. When night came around though? Danny was on edge. Suddenly every little shadow was his enemy. Tricks of the light plagued him, caused his eyes to dart around to every corner of the room. In those corners he saw them: those glowing red eyes and a feminine shape. Danny had no idea where to even start with her. She seemed to slip in and out of his room with ease, taking pictures and taunting him with notes. Until he figured out any kind of solution or came up with any clues that point him in her direction, he'd definitely have to stop masturbating. Not just in his room, but maybe in general. After all, it was his horniness that had landed him in this situation. It was his libido that had caused him to allow the ghost to get away in the first place.

Honestly though, what's the harm? Obviously it was risky and demeaning, but nobody recognized me. Fuck, and to have myself exposed like that? Like some kind of cheap whore who gets off to the humiliation? It was Monday morning; 4 AM to be exact. His second sleepless night worrying about the ghost and now he was only a few hours away from having to go to school. Warmth crept southward on the Ghost Boy. Danny had to mentally restrain his hand from moving down to grope his growing erection.

Maybe I should check RateMe! and get it over with… I've been putting it off. Like the note said, a brand new picture of me is up and

posted. Let's just rip it off like a Band-Aid.

Danny decided against that, remembering what happened the last time he did that. He'd wait until school started and get some privacy in the bathroom stalls there. Relaxing as best as he could against the sheets, Danny finally made peace with the potential voyeur in his room. What could she do? Take pictures of him sleeping? So long as he didn't do anything stupid. With heavy eye lids, Danny's thoughts turned to that of peace and quiet. If only for a few hours, he'd be able to rest and gather himself.

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Danny decided to check *RateMe!* during third period pre-Calculus. His heart rate got higher the closer he got to the bathroom. His cock is already straining against his tight jeans and he all but sprints the last few feet to get inside the bathroom unseen. He makes sure the bathroom is empty and locks the stall door. Slipping his jeans down and freeing his little cock at last, Danny turns his phone on. Opening the app, Danny is greeted by a sight now familiar to him: his tiny cock pinched between two fingers. This time the picture has the added bonus of his middle finger shoved up his ass. Danny thinks back the that brief sensation of being filled and places two fingers on his cock. The picture was taken with broad daylight filtering in through the window. With his eyes closed and no camera flash, Danny would've never known.

The number of likes is about the same as last time, telling Danny that it at least wasn't spreading much further beyond the school. The comments caught Danny's eye, and he felt himself move closer to orgasm with every one he read.

Baby dick

Micro-penis

Virgin

Bitch

Boy

Every little comment drove Danny crazier. Some were anonymous, but many were names he recognized. Girls he'd see in the hallway one the bell rang. If this was the kind of rush he was getting and was still able to stay anonymous, was it such a bad thing? *'No no you idiot don't think like that. Just because she hasn't explicitly blackmailed you yet doesn't mean it won't happen. What if she threatens to post some with your face? What then?'* Danny snapped at himself. That didn't make the inevitable orgasm any less intense. Danny let the wash of pleasure over take him. Two sleepless nights and a strong orgasm had Danny's eyes closing fast. Exhaustion was taking hold. *'C'mon pervert, get back to class,'* Danny scolded himself.

Groggily, Danny stepped out into the hallway. At the same time the blue wisp left his mouth, screams began to rip through the halls. Ghoulish green mist bellowed down the halls, bringing with it an eerie light and dark atmosphere. Students spilled out into the hallway, frantically making their way for the exits. A hearty feminine laughter filled the hallways. Danny recognized it instantly, going ghost as quickly as he could. *This could not be happening at a worse time!* Even with the adrenaline rush of danger, Danny still had to focus just to keep his eyes open. Speaking of his eyes, they certainly had a sight to take in: stepping out of the green mist came a familiar, voluptuous ghost. Desiree was every bit as curvy as Danny remembered her. This time however, she had forgone the green tail and opted instead to walk on two perfect, toned legs. Her dress was that of a traditional Arabian dancer. Her green skin seemed almost to glow.

"Well if it isn't my favorite Ghost Boy!" Desiree smiled.

"What're you doing here Desiree?" Danny glowered. He was in no mood for this. He had to weaken her a bit and get her in the Fenton Thermos, fast.

Desiree simply chuckled in response. "Why else would I be here? I heard from a mutual friend of ours that *you* my dear have a few wishes that I can help come true."

Wishes? Mutual friend? Oh shit.

“Trust me Ghost Boy, you’ll be thanking me in no time.” With that, Desiree started to glow and emanate energy. A flash of light blinded Danny as a transformation seemed to take place. When his vision finally settled, Danny took in the sight before him: everything about the green seductress seemed to be the same. Danny’s eyes looked her up and down, moving from her luscious black mane to the swell of her breasts, still covered by cloth. As his eyes moved further south, Danny truly began to realize how *fucked* he really was. Desiree had given herself a flaccid, uncut cock. It hung down between her thighs at what must have easily been 7 inches soft. Veiny and thick, it was everything Danny wasn’t. A tuff of pubic hair topped the monster off, and set of hairy balls hung shamelessly beneath her shaft.

I’ve gotta get out of here. Danny made a move to flee, to recuperate, to calm down his growing erection, *anything* other than what was happening now. This was absurd. This was a fantasy come true. If she got her hands on him, he didn’t know if he’d be able to resist. With his luck a camera would be involved and he’d never go ghost again. Distracted, tired, horny, and swathed in green mist, Danny didn’t see the first hit coming. A resounding slap rang through the empty hall as Desiree’s thick member hit Danny across cheek. In a stupor, Danny tried to keep his spinning head in order as another cockslap sent him tumbling to the ground. Desiree let loose a victorious laugh. “C’mon Ghost Boy, at least put up a little bit of a fight! Make this fun for me!”

Danny focused all his energy and turned invisible. He phased up through the ceiling and out of the school as quick as he could. His heart racing and with pre-cum leaking from unwanted erection, Danny flew as quick as he could. He wasn’t quite sure where, or even what direction he was heading, he just had to get away. Danny made it maybe 20 feet through the air before strong arms wrapped him up in a bear hug from behind. Desiree’s cock was hard now, and she made that very known to Danny. She rubbed herself against his ass fervently as they tumbled towards the ground. They landed in a wooded area just a little bit away from Casper High.

Danny struggled to get up before feeling a bare foot shove him roughly back down to the ground. “No no no Ghost Boy, let’s stay right there. I think I like you like that, face down to the ground

and whimpering," Desiree taunted. For all his willpower, he could either revert back to human form and turn invisible, or stay in his ghost form. Danny didn't think he could handle another ghost in personal life fucking with him, so he elected to focus on staying ghost. Danny couldn't deny it either: a dominant woman's foot on his back and the feeling of being to weak to fight? He was hard in an instant.

"Now let's see if the rumors are true…" Desiree easily used her strength to turn Danny over and strip him of the bottom of his suit. The sight that greeted the voluptuous ghost brought a delighted giggle from her. Danny squeezed his eyes shut in shame, until he felt something large and warm settle against his cock. He shot up to look and saw Desiree squatting down to compare her cock to his by laying her own across his. Desiree's balls alone seemed to outsize Danny's hard cock. The visual stunned Danny: at full mast, he was maybe 4 times smaller than she was. Her cock seemed to dwarf his, making him look even smaller, if that were possible. He was truly outmatched.

The worst part though was the smell. From Desiree's veiny shaft and hairy balls came a musk that caused Danny's mouth to water. With every inhale, his ass clinched just a little, as if to remind him how empty he was and how much he wanted to be filled. The musk was heady and intoxicating, yet somehow… familiar? Danny didn't have time to dwell on that thought as Desiree's voice brought him out of his head.

"Ghost Boy if I didn't know any better I'd say you liked this," Desiree smiled. Danny squeezed his eyes shut yet again and tried his best to ignore the rising warmth from his own body and Desiree's pressed against his. Her balls alone outsized his hard cock. They sagged over his tiny member, seemingly making it disappear.

"What kind of *pervert* would wish for this, hmm? What kind of *hero* would wish for a good ass fucking? Is this your wish Ghost Boy?" By now, Danny's pants were all the way off, giving Desiree full access to everything she wanted. Putting up no resistance, Danny allowed his legs to propped up on either sides of Desiree's shoulders; she lined her cock up with his anus. "Say it Ghost Boy. Say the magic words and I'll give this hungry little ass *exactly* what it wants." As if

to emphasize her point, Desiree teased Danny's entrance with the thick mushroom tip of her cock. Danny bit back a moan and forced his hips not to buck up.

"Say. It." Desiree placed an index finger and a thumb around Danny's cock and began slowly teasing him up and down. "No one is around to see you get stretched out like a whore."

Danny considered struggling, possibly getting away, but remembered where all of his energy was going to. He couldn't let Desiree know who he really was. He had too much to lose. Too many people that could get hurt with another ghost knowing his identity. *Fuck it.*

"I w-wish…" Danny tried to get out the words. He could already feel the ghoulish genie's powers rising and he wasn't even done. "I wish y-you would f-fuck me…"

"Music to my ears! But I think you can be more specific, don't you?" Desiree taunted. With her fingers on his cock and her throbbing member lined up against his ass, Danny wasn't exactly in any position to protest.

"In m-my ass…" The words came out of Danny's mouth barely above a whisper, but it was good enough for Desiree. A wicked laugh filled the woods and Desiree procured a glowing green butt-plug from thin air. It was well lubed.

"Our mutual friend told me you were an eager little thing but *this* is just *embarrassing!"* Desiree practically beamed. Danny felt her cock pull away and he looked down between his legs to see that Desiree had changed back into her regular ghostly form, tail and all. Before he could voice any of his confusion, Danny was met with the sensation of the butt-plug being pressed against his puckered hole. The young hero cried out as the plug was pushed inside. The new sensation of being filled sent goose bumps up Danny's already rigid body. It hurt. It stretched him out. It made him feel full. It was almost foreign to his body. It felt *good.*

"Sorry to disappoint Ghost Boy, but I want this hole stretched out and ready for when I claim it. Sadly, this isn't one of your porn videos

where I can just shove my fat cock inside of the pleading whore and call it a day," Desiree reached down thoughtfully tapped the base of the plug. "No Ghost Boy I don't want this to hurt. When I slide *inch after veiny inch* of my fat cock into you, its going to the most pleasure you've ever felt. You'll be begging me for more." Desiree gripped the base of the plug and began slowly pushing it in and out of Danny's ass.

"You're going to keep this inside of you Ghost Boy. All day. Every day. Until further notice. Don't worry about the lube. Its special, just for *you.* If you take it out and leave it out, I'll know. Our mutual friend will know. Their will be consequences. This ass, this *pussy*, is going to remain stretched and ready at all times." Desiree floated up above, staring down at the fallen hero through half-lidded eyes. "Love those pictures, by the way. Though I must say, you're much *smaller* in person." In a flash, she was gone, leaving only wisps of green smoke and a mocking laugh echoing through the forest.

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Penelope Spectra floated unseen just a few yards above. Her finger rested on the 'record' button of her camera. This was too good. Footage of the Ghost and pictures of the Boy. Spectra was about to leave when she noticed the young hero fervently jerking off with reckless abandon. His eyes were squeezed shut and moans left his mouth unchecked. Spectra turned her camera towards him. Desiree had really done a number on him. The plug up is his ass was simply a stepping stone. The pictures and video footage? Pieces in a larger puzzle. Spectra really was having fun, more fun than she'd had in decades, watching this plan come together

8. Session 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Spectra decides to speed things up.
A familiar blue haired ghost is coming to town.
Can Danny stop her?
Will he want to?

Danny checked his phone. 2 AM. He wasn't falling asleep anytime soon. He rolled over onto his side, feeling the plug move inside him. He stifled a moan. His cock, which had thankfully gone soft in the last hour, began to rise again. Danny had to mentally restrain himself. His cock ached and his ass was no better. *What had Desiree called it…? My 'pussy'?* Danny's cock throbbed. *Fuck fuck fuck.* The thought of yesterday's events flooded back into his mind. He had stayed in the woods for maybe another hour, bringing himself to orgasm after orgasm. The smell of Desiree's cock? The sound of her laughter? The sight of her throbbing size dwarfing his own? If she decided to cause trouble again, he'd be powerless.

And what were the consequences she spoke about? She didn't really expect him to keep the plug inside of him the whole day? Did she? He had already practiced walking around in it, and even switched between ghost form and human form a few times. Regardless of form, it always stayed well-lubed and stuck up his ass. It was a snug fit, and if Danny stopped concentrating he'd find himself clinching around it.

He didn't think he could face a school day with so little sleep, and he groaned at the thought of being in Ms. Spectra's office again for another 'session'. Maybe he should talk to her? She seemed understanding enough, maybe she'd let him off the hook? Agree to no more appointments? After all, he didn't quite trust his mind, or libido, around the curvy woman. His ghost powers seemed to take over and screw with him whenever he was near her.

Before Danny knew it, the sun was rising and he was getting ready for school. The day passed in a haze. Because of his fatigue, his involvement in class dropped. Several homework assignments went

forgotten in the wake of Danny's distractions and sleepless nights. The one thing that did catch Danny's ear in the halls was the talk of the ghost attack yesterday, and how the Ghost Boy had heroically saved them all. The consensus was that the Ghost Boy had smartly taken the fight himself away from the school to the secluded woods. *If only they knew.*

There was also talk of a "ghostly genie" going around, picking random students, and fulfilling small wishes. No nasty side-effects, just wish fulfillment for whoever she happened upon. It seemed Desiree had learned her lesson from last time and was steadily growing stronger because of it. How could Danny ever face her? How could Danny hope to stop her? He was growing more tired by the day and she was getting stronger by the minute. Seeing as to how the wishes were harmless as of now (a new car, some extra cash, no acne, etc.), Danny could put off a confrontation for the time being. He had other things to worry about anyways.

The plug was bothersome. Every time he sat down, it pressed inside of him further. When he walked down the halls, he had to intentionally clinch his ass to keep it from slipping out. The damn thing kept itself so well lubed he was having trouble keeping it inside. Though the threat from Desiree was vague, he wasn't keen on finding out what would happen if he took the thing out for longer than a trip to the bathroom. Besides, as she had so happily gloated, she was working with the shadowy ghost that had been invading his privacy. Desiree basically had the same ammunition that she did. Danny's mood slipped further at that thought. How had he let it get this bad? How did he keep letting himself sink further and further down? The movement of the butt-plug shoved inside of him and the growing erection in his tight jeans reminded him how.

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Danny took his usual seat across from Ms. Spectra's desk. It was 3:30, with school just ending. This would only last an hour. An hour of sexual tension and awkward conversation while Danny tried to keep a level head. If Ms. Spectra had noticed his strange behavior after two sessions, she didn't say anything, and went about her business as usual. She asked about the ghost attack yesterday, how it made him feel (Danny choked out an awkward answer for that), and

what he thought the school should do incase of another. Through heavy eyelids, Danny stumbled through responses and tried his best to make it seem like he wasn't staring right at the clock. Ms. Spectra didn't particularly mind. If he had been paying attention, then she'd surely have to explain the satisfied smile that was stretching across her face.

'10 minutes and we're home, in bed, and sleeping. Just keep it together,' Danny chanted over and over again in his head. After a minute or so of this, he felt at peace with getting out of the office without embarrassing himself too much. Then the butt-plug started to vibrate.

It started intensely, all at once, and it sent a chill through Danny's whole body. He shot up straight in his seat, startling the student counselor, before he made his way for the door. Danny stuttered through a myriad of excuses and apologies on his way out. On the edge of an orgasm, Danny found himself in the boy's bathroom, slamming a stall door behind him.

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Still behind her desk, a bemused smirk on her face, Ms. Spectra noticed the young hero's backpack forgotten next to his chair. *'Well,'* she laughed to herself as she transformed into her ghost form. '*Better go make sure the little slut gets this.'*

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The last thing on Danny's mind at the moment was his backpack. His body was ablaze with warmth and pleasure. The sensation of the vibrating butt-plug was completely foreign to him. Overwhelmed by the new sensation, Danny briefly considered taking out the butt-plug, but decided against it. The last thing he needed right now was to get on the bad side of one of a ghost with potential blackmail. Danny was, however, incredibly focused on bringing himself to an orgasm. *I'll just cum really quick to alleviate some of this stress, then I can go apologize to Ms. Spectra about the outburst. The butt-plug should stop vibrating by then, right? This won't last forever, will it?*

Danny was torn from his thoughts when he braced himself against

the wall of the adjacent bathroom stall after a particularly pleasurable vibration. His hand slipped through a large round hole he's sure he'd never seen before. In all his time at Casper High School, Danny's never known any of the bathrooms to have "glory holes". *This wasn't here before, right…?*

A role of a green mist through the bathroom and a distinctly Arabian laugh caused Danny's heart to sink and his ass to clench in anticipation. The butt-plug had stopped vibrating. Before Danny's eyes a familiar green was cock shoved through the hole, every bit as veiny and thick as he remembered it to be. A bead of pre-cum dribbled off the tip. The thought of making an escape had barely crossed Danny's mind before ghoulish tentacles wrapped around his arms. The two ghostly octopi he had sent to the Ghost Zone not a few days ago now had him trapped. As Danny struggled, his body was moved slowly towards the throbbing green cock. As he got closer, the familiar musk that had clouded his mind just the day before took hold of him once again. A tentacle pushed at the back of his head and Danny's lips were now pushed right up against the flared tip of Desiree's member.

"Show it some love Ghost Boy! Don't be shy, you and my cock are about to get *very* familiar over the next few weeks anyways!" Desiree taunted with a laugh. Danny kept his mouth shut and focused solely on resisting. A pain in his neck arose as he pushed back against the tentacle on the back of his head. He squeezed his eyes shut and focused. He focused on the feeling of being pushed around and the feeling of helplessness. *I need to break this cycle… I… I need to fight back! I'm a hero for crying out loud! My family needs me! My friends need me! The city needs me!* Danny felt a rise in his strength and steadily began to push back against the ghoulish tentacle on his head. The sound of high-heels clicking and the stall door opening brought Danny back to reality.

Ms. Spectra stood in the doorway, naked from head to toe outside of her red heels, beads of sweat dripping down her body. He smelt her before he saw her. Danny definitely recognized this musk, this overpowering smell. Danny gasped in shock as Ms. Spectra bent down to him and grabbed his face in her hands. She pressed her plump red lips against Danny's own and forced her tongue inside of

his mouth. He tried to vocalize his protest, but Ms. Spectra's tongue was slowly becoming too much. His eye-lids drooped and a moan reverberated through his mouth into his counselor's. Their mouths separated and line of spit hung between them.

"Be a good boy for us Daniel. Suck on that fat cock. For me?" Ms. Spectra asked, but in the back of his mind Danny knew he didn't have a choice anymore. He nodded in his haze. "Good boy!" Ms. Spectra clasped the back of Danny's head with her hand and shoved it roughly onto Desiree's cock. The ghostly genie moaned in delight at the sensation of having a warm mouth around her cock.

"Breathe through your nose Daniel, and make sure to work the tip with your tongue," Ms. Spectra instructed, as if they were back in a classroom and not in a bathroom stall before a glory hole.

Every time Danny inhaled he took in the scent of Desiree's cock and Ms. Spectra's pheromones together. The overwhelming musk spurred Danny on, and soon the counselor didn't even have to push his head with her hand. He was doing it all on his own. The only struggling Danny did now was to free his hands to touch himself.

"Oh stop being so selfish Daniel, we both know how much you just *love* jerking off that little micro-penis of yours. For once, think of someone else's needs before yours?" Ms. Spectra scolded in a mocking tone. Danny's struggling quelled, if only for a moment.

"I can't wait to see how much cum you can suck out of Desiree's balls. You were such a tease yesterday Daniel!" Danny's eyes shot open at the revelation. "That's right slut, I saw it all. Amity Park's hero spread out on the ground like a wanton whore, waiting impatiently for his enemy's cock to ruin his little asshole. It was positively *embarrassing!"* Desiree playfully cocked an eyebrow. "Would you like to see *the video?"* Danny closed his eyes dejectedly in shame. The warmth persisted nonetheless. Ms. Spectra's hand went back to its spot on Danny's head and the rough blowjob resumed. Danny gagged and moaned and his eyes were starting to water terribly. He was sure he looked exactly like the girls in the porn he watched.

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The poor boy was practically drooling like a whore around the massive green cock down his throat. Penelope Spectra's pussy was *dripping* at the sight of the young hero coming undone before her. Her pheromones were cranked to 11 this time. She had even gone out of her way to do a pushup or two before walking in, just to get a good sweat going. She wasn't going to break the boy completely, but she had to start his official downward spiral off on the right note. A familiar green butt-plug making its way out of the Ghost Boy's ass caught her eye. Stooping down, Spectra grabbed the plug by its base and began slowly pumping it in and out of Danny's ass. His puckered hole had loosened and grown accustomed to the presence of the plug since it had been placed. It slid in and out with a small squelching sound as easily as the opening and closing of a door. *Time for an upgrade.*

Removing the butt-plug completely, Spectra caused it to disappear in a wisp of smoke in her hand. Replacing it, Spectra procured a plug twice the size of the original in both thickness and length. It was cherry red, Spectra's favorite color. In one smooth motion, Danny's ass swallowed just under half of the plug before Spectra felt some resistance. Danny squirmed and moaned and would've been pleading if it weren't for Desiree's smartly placed cock. Spectra slowed down, taking her time to push the plug in an inch at a time, generously letting the Ghost Boy adjust to its size. With her other hand, Spectra began to rub her clit in circles, working herself up to an orgasm.

"I'm on the edge Ghost Boy! Get your throat ready!" Desiree declared through moans of pleasure.

"Daniel darling, when Desiree so kindly dumps the spunk from her fat *balls* into your mouth, do us both a favor and *don't swallow*, ok?" Spectra patted Danny on the back of the head before grabbing it and holding it still on Desiree's cock. The ghostly octopi, having done their part, evaporated in a mist of green. Desiree phased through the stall wall, walking herself up to the wall of Danny's stall. Danny's head was now pushed back against the bathroom wall, a foot long of cock sheathed down his throat.

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Danny looked up through watery eyes at the two ghostly women who were currently making his life a living hell of unwanted pleasure. With the cock down his throat, he had forced himself to find a steady rhythm of breathing through his nose. Desiree laughed, tossing her head back in victory. Spectra, to her left, lazily rubbed her clit and stared at Danny like a tiger about to make a kill.

The new plug up his ass was *divine.* It stretched him like the last one couldn't and sent tremors through his body. *If this is what it's like being fucked up the ass… I don't think I'd mind if…*

"Remember Ghost Boy," Desiree grabbed Danny's nose and pinched it shut, causing him to panic. "Don't. Swallow!" The cock erupted, sending rope after rope of thick cum into Danny's mouth. Desiree moaned in delight and almost shook in delight. Spectra came on the spot, squirting all over Danny's face with a shout.

Danny tried his best to keep up with all the cum rushing into his mouth. Desiree seemed to have an endless supply. Where as a normal man would've been done after 3 or 4 ropes of cum, Desiree painted the inside of Danny's mouth like a hose of 7 or 8. "Now I want you to 'go ghost' for us you little slut!" Spectra commanded. She had a camera in her hand, her button on the shutter button. "We want to commemorate the moment Danny *Phantom* officially became our little cum dump!"

What could Danny do? Say *no*? He didn't say no to the first photo ever taken of him. He surely didn't say no to it being posted on social media for the whole school to see. If anything that had given him plenty of orgasms. He didn't say no to Desiree's cock, or the butt-plug shoved up his ass. He had even *obeyed* the command to keep it in. Now, with a second one shoved into his (now loose) ass, Danny couldn't say to giving his tormentors more of what he was already giving them.

Danny, with a mouth of cock and cum, transformed into Amity Park's hero. Desiree pulled her cock free from Danny's mouth and let the last few stray strands of cum lay across Danny's face. "Look right at the camera, baby dick!" Danny turned to Spectra, his

cheeks bright red and puffed out from all the cum in his mouth. "Now, *swallow!"* So Danny did. He swallowed every last drop, feeling the thick substance slide down and coat his throat, all the while Spectra was snapping away with her camera.

"Spectra my sweet, I'll let you finish up here. As for you Ghost Boy," Desiree gave the defeated teenager a playful slap with her flaccid cock. "You were such a good boy today; I promise I'll give that *itty bitty* cock of yours special attention the next time we bump into each other." With a wink, she disappeared in a haze of green mist.

"Isn't she just the best, Daniel? So considerate with her cocksleeves. Now get on your feet darling we have some *ground rule*s to go over." Spectra said with a smile.

Danny stood on shaky legs, his jeans still pulled down around his ankles, his face still covered in cum. Spectra had let her pheromones go wild, so his nose was still assaulted with every breath he took. Spectra could tell, and she *loved* it. She stretched out her arms over and behind her head, making a show of her armpits for Danny. They, along with her ass, were the primary source of her musk. Danny's eyes fixed on them longingly. Spectra decided to end the teasing by pushing the young hero's face into her sweaty armpit. He inhaled and sighed.

"First rule Daniel, that butt-plug stays in as often as you can manage. If it's out for longer than an hour a day, Desiree and I will take turns on your ass until its so stretched out that every plug we shove up there, falls out. Understood?" Danny nodded into Spectra's armpit, inadvertently pressing his nose further into the sweaty region.

"Second rule, you stay out of your mistresses' business Daniel. Don't try and confront us. Certainly don't be a hero, Daniel. Not with us. We know what a good, obedient little whore you are. If you even so much as show your face as 'Danny Phantom' when the girls and I are out on the town, I'll show the whole city how much you love jerking that little cock. The video will be next.

"Third rule, I don't want to hear this 4-inch pecker referred to

as a cock ever again. This is a clit, Daniel. A girly little clit. If I hear you refer to it as anything other than that, I'll break out the chastity cage.

"Fourth, nobody uses this ass except for us, got it? As rare as we might seem, there are other women out there that would *love* to break this ass in. The same goes in reverse Daniel. If we tell you to get screwed by someone else? You'd better be bending over on the spot.

"Finally Daniel, don't forget about our biweekly sessions! I do so love the time we spend together. And I have so many plans for you going forward Daniel. Now," Spectra grabbed a fistful of Danny's hair and began to rub his face into her sweaty armpit. "A friend of Desiree and mine is coming to town soon. Big blue hair. Killer on the guitar. Loves to flash her tongue. You'll know her when you see her. Daniel darling, when she shows up? I want you to really try and stop her. I mean really bring your "A" game. Don't worry about the blackmail or the butt-plug or the sessions. Really go at her. She just loves a good challenge. Got it?" Another nod against her armpit and Spectra was pulling Danny's face away. His eyes were close to rolling back into his head after inhaling nothing but Spectra's musk.

"Before I go, *thank your mistress* for letting you smell her sweaty armpit." Spectra instructed.

"Th-thank y-you, Mistress Spectra…" Danny barely got out.

"Bravo Daniel! What a quick learner!" Spectra gave him a peck on the cheek. "See you on Thursday Daniel!" With a wink, she was gone in a cloud of smoke.

Danny collapsed on the ground, immediately taking two fingers to his coc- , no, his *clit.* He'd bring himself to 3 orgasms before gathering himself and heading home. He made sure to grab his backpack on the way out.

9. Intermission

Summary for the Chapter:

> Danny Fenton tries to fall into his new role. Summer vacation arrives, and Danny might just be ready to break out of it.

Danny Fenton somehow managed to fall into his new routines in Amity Park. He maintained a good social life, school work was turned in and tests passed (though not always with A's), and he still managed to put away some low level ghosts from time to time. Something additional was taking some of his extra time however. Some new pieces to his puzzling life needed to find the right fits, because Danny knew their would be *punishment* if he didn't. The butt plug stayed in at all times that Danny could allow. Everything stayed clean, lubed, and stretched out in his asshole. Upon inspecting it a few weeks into wearing the plug, he noticed his ass had permanently loosened. He could slide three fingers into himself without hardly any resistance at all.

His bi-weekly sessions with Spectra continued for the rest of the semester as planned. Each time he went to visit, Spectra laid on the pheromones thicker and thicker. She turned the temperature up in the room sometimes so the sweat from her body would increase her musk. The poor boy just let it happen. Each session. Sometimes the whole session would be spent with Danny in Spectra's armpit, simply breathing her in. Other times Spectra would plant her asshole right up against his nose and seat herself on his face for the entirety of the session. Each time off-handedly doing something else, like polish her nails or read a book. Anything to further show how easy and nonchalant it was for Spectra to dominate the Ghost Boy. If Danny was really lucky, she would move the butt-plug in and out of him, telling him what plans she had for his now loosening asshole. Telling him all about how Desiree's cock would feel nestled inside of him, or how she'd have to find a bigger strap-on if he kept loosening up.

His interactions with Paulina over social media continued. He knew he was playing with fire here. She sent suggestive photo after

photo. Soon she was sending him dirty messages between their little conversations and moments of small talk. Paulina was particularly interested in the size of Danny's dick, telling him in message after message how interested she was in getting him in bed. Danny kept deflecting. Kept coming up with excuses. He knew he'd run out eventually. The chance to get Paulina in bed? See her naked? In person? He was growing weaker with every picture she sent him.

The Ghost Boy's nightly patrols continued. Occasionally he'd catch Desiree messing with a clueless citizen, granting them wishes over and over again. As before, the wishes this time were mostly harmless. She knew if she made them dangerous, people wouldn't come back to her again and again. With each wish, she grew wildly stronger. Danny wasn't sure what her end game was, gaining all this strength, or what Spectra's ultimate plans were, dominating him and humiliating him like she had. Perhaps now would be the time to push back? After all, Spectra had warned of another, blue-haired ghost arriving soon. If another ally arrived, Danny would be done for. He had to get rid of Spectra and Desiree, send them back to the Ghost Zone and defeat them. Through his horny thoughts, clarity seemed to ring through. All he had to do was track down the photos Spectra had taken of him and the blackmail would be gone. The photos on *RateMe!* would be nothing more than a bad memory.

Then Danny would think about Spectra's body, her laugh, that glint in her eyes when she would raise an arm above her head, her *come hither* motion with her finger. Maybe being dominated… being *used* by her wasn't such a bad thing. After all, she had kept it a secret as well, hadn't she? And Spectra showed no indication that she'd ever release the photos outside of the threats. Surely he could keep this up? Besides, the butt-plug just felt so nice. It's not like he had an alternative to pleasure with his cock size. No woman would ever touch him if they knew he was packing so little. Maybe he was meant to be Spectra's bitch…

This inner conflict inside the Ghost Boy continued until the end of his semester. With summer around the corner, he would have plenty more free-time on his hand. This could be it. He could finally put some focus into stopping Spectra. Stopping Desiree. Finally getting his old life back. This would be the summer he fought back

against the humiliation. Danny made up his mind. Find the photos. Send his tormentors… his *mistresses*… back to the Ghost Zone.

10. Intermission II

Summary for the Chapter:

> Superman II-type plotlines but with more futa cock and ass-sucking.

Of course she wiped the little brat's memory. Yes, the spat she had with Desiree had been arduous and long. That woman could prattle on and on for hours if she was heated enough. It was everyone's favorite ghoulish musician that had eventually won the green djinn over. Ember McLain spoke her case and point effectively clear: all the fun was in the game. All the excitement was trapping the little mouse in a maze and promising him a way out that never even existed. Penelope Spectra, the absolute beacon of humility that she is, had no problem admitting that she and Desiree had crushed Danny Fenton into the perfect little bitch that he was now far too quickly. Desiree eventually agreed. New ground rules would have to be set. They'd have to pick a specific day to go back to for the hero. With a sigh, the ghoulish school principal would organize away all the blackmail she had collected over the last semester and set it all to the side. That broken little bitch of a hero would no longer exist. She would have to build him back to that point once the memory-wipe was finished. Well, not *just* her, of course. With Ember now by their side, the three women would have no shortage of fun with Danny.

Spectra couldn't leave anything up to chance, so she would be definitely be employing some help from pawns. Or, pawn, she should say. The plural was more of a plan for the future. Paulina Sanchez would of course be more than helpful for now. The cheerleader had both a loud bark and a sarcasm-laden bite. But looking ahead, the hips on Danny's mother and that skintight catsuit she wore were just too tempting to let go *untouched*. And that goody two-shoes older sister of his? What was her name? Jazz? Well why couldn't she be knocked down a few pegs. Why keep it to just one Fenton? Why not break the whole lot while she was at it. With the number of her ghost friends and allies that the family had sent back to the Ghost Zone over the years, they deserved a solid *punishment*.

"Best-laid plans" and all that junk, as they say. Why not just

improvise a little? Let Ember, young and wild and free spirited, do her thing. Desiree had been growing in strength and wishes for months now. What would a clash between Danny Phantom and her look like? Paulina only needed the slightest whisper of ‘sadism’ in her ear and Spectra had watched the cheerleader’s mind come alive with ideas for the poor Ghost Boy. No, best get out of her own way and enjoy the ride.

She phased through Danny Fenton’s bedroom window. His butt-plug, massive and still wet with lube, sat on his bedside dresser, next to a light fixture. She paused, nostalgically thinking back to her first night invading the hero’s privacy. Taking those pictures. Blackmailing, and eventually fucking, him into submission. What memories. What joy. And what new memories they would create together. Gripping the young man firmly by his neck, she snuffed out the gasp that threatened to escape his lips with her own set, red and plump. She planted her hips firmly against his, loving the way the scared and surprised 18-year-old struggled in vain. What a way to treat his mistress. No matter. The struggle was the whole reason she was doing this. And what a struggle this would be. Danny’s eyes went half-lidded, getting heavier and heavier as Spectra glowed brighter and brighter. Any passer-by on the street below would see a magnificent emerald light-show. Then, all at once, it was over.

Spectra took the butt-plug in hand, well intent on returning it to its owner some day soon, and made way to leave. Danny Fenton was left in a heap, delirious and confused. Eyes now shut, Danny dreamed of humiliation. Of cock. Of sweat and musk.

Notes for the Chapter:

Very Important Note:

Going forward, this story will have less of an over-arcing story and will be more "smut-oriented" and vignette-style. We'll see brief, detailed encounters post "memory wipe" of Danny, friends, and family up against Spectra and her allies/pawns.
I honestly had written myself into a corner and had

lost the passion I had for the smut, so consider this retcon "the story getting back to its roots".
Just giving a heads up so people don't scratch there heads at the shift in story telling.
Because, you know, after two years of nothing? I know you all have simply been itching for more.